

# **Topeka State Journal**

An Independent Newspaper.  
By FRANK P. MAO LENNAN.

[Entered July 1, 1878, as second-class matter at the postoffice at Topeka, Kan., under the act of congress.]

VOLUME XXXVI.....No. 227

Official State Paper.  
Official Paper of Shawnee County.  
Official Paper City of Topeka.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.**  
Daily edition, delivered by carrier, 10 cents a week to any part of Topeka, or suburbs, or at the same price in any Kansas town where the paper has a carrier system.  
By mail one year.....\$2.50  
By mail six months.....1.50  
By mail three months......75  
By mail 100 days, trial order.....1.00

**TELEPHONES.**  
Private branch exchange. Call 3530 and ask the State Journal operator for person or department desired.  
Topeka State Journal building, 303, 305 and 307 Kansas avenue, corner Eighth.  
New York Office, 250 Fifth avenue.  
Chicago Office, Maliers building, Paul Block, manager.  
Boston Office, 201 Devonshire Street.  
Paul Block, manager.

## **FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.**

The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full day telegraph report for that great news organization for the exclusive afternoon publication in Topeka.

The news is received in The State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.

As the Chicago, Herald suggests: Congress has apparently had to give up looking around for a war tax that everybody wanted to pay.

Kansas prosperity is also reflected again in the enrollments at the various colleges throughout the state. They are larger than ever.

As was to have been expected, President Wilson has discovered that there is no room available right now in Europe for the dove of peace.

Political speeches of yesteryear are often as annoying as love letters of the same vintage. And they have the added disadvantage that it's impossible to burn them.

As the Cleveland Plain Dealer most pertinently remarks: Of course, the world's trade will not be won for America by merely talking about winning the world's trade for America.

Getting about in Europe is not as easy as it was two or three months ago. Present indications are that Czar Nicholas is going to have as difficult a time in reaching Berlin as Kaiser Wilhelm is experiencing in his efforts to get to Paris.

A poor excuse being better than none in the matter of declaring war as well as in all other things, it is possible that Russia will deem the refusal of Turkey to recognize the change in the name of St. Petersburg to Petrograd a casus belli.

That Austrian army which was utterly annihilated by the Russians a week or so ago seems to be doing a vigorous business now at a new stand. Evidently the war news that comes from Petrograd is no more reliable than that which comes from Paris, Berlin or London.

With the evacuation of Vera Cruz by the American forces, Villa and Carranza would do well to set their house in order with decency and dispatch. Uncle Sam has a keen eye, a long reach and an effective punch. And while he is a good, watchful waiter, his patience is not inexhaustible.

Just before the British parliament was prorogued the other day the members of the house of commons joined in singing "God Save the King." But he doesn't appear to be in any particular danger as long as he keeps the English channel between himself and the firing lines where his soldiers are entrenched.

Mrs. William Jennings Bryan joins her distinguished husband in announcing in favor of woman suffrage, and she adds that she has been an ardent believer in suffrage without a sex qualification for 25 years. When Mr. Bryan's conversion to the cause was brought about is not known, but the announcement of his stand in the premises did not come until many of the other big vote hunters in the country had already taken a similar position.

If the conditions are as ideal during the coming winter wheat growing season in Kansas as they were during the last one, the Sunflower state will have a wheat crop next year whose bulk will make the record-breaking one of this year look sick. Reports from all over the state are to the effect that the farmers are putting in an enormous wheat acreage, one that will be larger by far than Kansas has ever had before. The farmers are wisely figuring that the great European war will create a profitable market for American wheat next year, no matter how much is raised.

Americans shouldn't worry if they disagree over the pronouncing of the names of many of the places and rivers that figure frequently in the war news. They are pronounced with distinctive difference, even in times of peace, by the people of the differing nationalities who live near them, and who are fighting in and around them. The river Meuse can be cited as an example. The French pronounce it one way, the Germans another and the Belgians a third, that is when they speak their own language, which few of them do. The Belgians usually talk in either French or German and many of them use both languages.

## **"FATHERS' CLUBS."**

"What sort of a father are you?" This question is found on every program of what is claimed to be the first fathers' club in the United States, organized at Council Bluffs, Iowa, a little over a year ago, according to information received at the home education division of the United States bureau of education.

Ten clubs, with an average membership of fifty, have been formed during the year for the purpose "of bringing the fathers into closer touch with the children, the teachers, and board of education, in an endeavor to bring about the very best results for the betterment of the children." The motto of these clubs is, "Make the Individual Different." Membership is limited to males 21 years of age or over.

Each month the "fathers' club" debate such questions as: "Are our children trained for, or away from, the age in which we live? How many children out of 1,000 reach a high school in our town? What about the rest? Or they discuss topics like the following: Comparative public expenditures in various states; juvenile delinquency; schoolhouse instruction; compulsory education; open-air schools; playgrounds; medical inspection; the sex question; business education; the cultural influence of newspapers, magazines, music, books, etc.; women on the school board; the school house as community center.

Guests representing various community groups are invited to the meetings, interested fathers from other districts, clergymen, members of the board of education, mayor and city council and the bar association. The clubs were addressed at different times during the year by a judge of the United States circuit court, university professors, senators, school superintendents, a judge of the superior court, a member of the state board of education as well as other interested citizens.

It is planned in the near future to form the existing clubs into a federation, with a uniform program for all the clubs every month.

Why not start something like this in Kansas?

## **ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS WORK.**

For the benefit of the numerous organizations which helped to sell nearly 45,000,000 Red Cross Seals last year and for the general public, the American Red Cross and the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis have framed a definition of anti-tuberculosis work showing how the proceeds from these holiday stickers are to be used. The definition limits the expenditure of money only for the year ending April 30, 1915.

The definition was framed at a recent meeting of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis and states that the term "anti-tuberculosis work" as it relates to the expenditure of Red Cross Seal money shall include the following activities:

The construction of hospitals or sanatoria for the care of the tuberculous. The maintenance of the tuberculous for the tuberculous; the provision and maintenance of dispensaries, visiting nurses, open air schools, fresh air classes, or preventive air for the cure or treatment of tuberculous cases or for the prevention of the spread of tuberculosis.

The maintenance of educational or legislative activities which have for their object the prevention of infection with tuberculosis.

Dr. Charles J. Hatfield, executive secretary of the national association says in commenting on this definition, "We hope by this means to prevent the spreading, particularly of small sums of money, in useless activities, and to direct the efforts of all anti-tuberculosis agencies along the line which will produce most results for the money invested. We are in thorough sympathy and co-operation with every movement for better community or individual health, but if this Red Cross Seal money is to be spent, as we advertise, only for tuberculosis work, we wish to see that it is expended to the best advantage."

## **THE GERMAN MASSES.**

The masses of the Kaiser's empire. To them, writes Oswald Garrison Villard, in the American Review of Reviews for September, surely the sympathy of the world must go out as to the poor Belgians who have died about Liege without knowing why, realizing only that a well of shot and shell had burst without warning upon them as lightning from the sky. On the heads of the German masses lies not the blood of guilt. They come from smiling homes, from the castled hills of Thuringia, the vine-clad banks of the Rhine, the plains of Prussia, the poppled fields of Bavaria. They and their kind have been rising at odds against fearful odds, helped on by favorable social legislation, held back by the heavy taxes imposed by the military Moloch, and by their three years of army service; hampered in the cities by grinding poverty and checked everywhere by iron castles. Their villages have only just begun to grow, to give signs of a development corresponding to that of the cities; to them have come at least the harbingers of social justice; something of the prosperity of the nation was beginning to be theirs. But now the mother of every son between nineteen and twenty-four years must know her boy upon the firing line is there to destroy the sons of some other mother—because the "triple" alliance demanded it. For these solid peasants, the backbone of the country, war can bring nothing save woe and debt.

Will it avail to tell them that the Slavic peril must be combated; that in this world-war destiny speaks and that it had to come sooner or later? Are they not inevitably to count the cost when the slaughter is over? Will they not more than ever turn to the "party

of treason," which dictates that such things shall not be? Will they not turn to anyone who teaches that it shall be taken out of the hands of one man or a group of men to say whether a nation shall return to barbarism and sit the best that is in it?

For a German-American whose heart goes back to the country that gave him and his fathers birth there, "be no difficulty in deciding where his sympathies should lie, if he be truly an American citizen. Sorrow as he must for the German masses, if he places reason above emotion and sympathy, he can but withhold his support from the Kaiser who approved in principle the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia and made no better than a dicer's oath the solemn promise of the empire to respect the neutrality of Belgium. If he be loyal to the principles of this republic the German-American can only hope that absolutism has brought about its own downfall; that this may mark the end of Kaiserism, of great armaments, if he has owed anything to the great minds of Germany, its men of peace, of knowledge, science and art, let him now pay the debt by being true to their ideals. He might well remember that Goethe himself faced a Roman man, when it had been beaten by ragged French republicans, to assure it that then and there a new epoch had begun. The immeasurable signs of the rulers of Europe and their militarists can only be explained now by the beginning of a new epoch which shall mean that the masses shall be the kings of Europe as they are the rulers with us today; that the last vestiges of feudalism shall be swept away to make room for government by and for the peoples.

## **Journal Entries**

Although the demand for worries is tremendous, the supply is always adequate.

Nor is there any reason why a poor man should wax enthusiastic over the sympathy he gets.

Most of the acute grouches of mature years seem to be among the unmarried folk.

A person will tell the same lie so often that eventually he'll consider it as the truth.

Many of the humorists would be more popular if they did not try to outwit such a serious mien when not displaying their talent.

## **Jayhawker Jots**

As the Sedgwick Pantagraph observes: Age makes some people wise and others only stubborn.

Maintaining a big army in the interest of peace, suggests the Douglas Tribune, is like regular drinking in the interest of temperance.

"We cuss the banana peeling frequently," the Lansing News quotes Philip Flippop as saying, "but it doesn't throw a man down as hard nor as often as a woman's disposition of carcasses."

That time of year has almost come, sings the Clay Center Times in a revised version, when the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder is in the silo.

Speaking of a bald-headed man, one boy remarks according to the Marion Record, that he must have a lot of time by not having to comb his hair. "Yes," replied another boy, "but see how much time it takes when he washes his hair."

The new boast of Kansas is over the intelligence of her tollers, says the Blue Mound Sun, and cites this example: The section boss, who filled out a form reporting the killing of a cow, answered the disposition of carcass" by writing, "Kind and gentle."

There were some minor examinations among the pupils who entered school this week, reports the Lansing News. A girl who desired to enter the physiology class was asked to define the functions of the stomach. She replied: "The functions of the stomach is to hold up the petticoat." This girl was raised in the country, where petticoats are still worn.

If Dave Leahy, known years ago when a newspaper correspondent at the Wichita sensation, were not settled down and modestly editing the El Dorado Republican, one might think, says the Sedgwick Herald, he had moved to Humes, Mo. A newspaper story from Humes says that a man's corn is so high and thick it is perfectly dark in the day and lightning bugs work 24 hours a day.

Gems in the Jewell County Republican: No girl can win golden opinions with brass performances. . . . If a man is big headed he isn't level headed. . . . If a man is a fool and knows it, he isn't a fool. . . . No matter how dark your night is you always know there's a morning somewhere on the way. . . . The gray horse has an advantage the same as a gray-haired man. He doesn't have to go to war. . . . Do your best every day and don't weep over what you couldn't help.

## **Globe Sights**

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

Don Juan also found travel a great educator.

Talking a great deal is flirting with remorse.

Many of the speed records are held by rumors.

A crook usually is loud in urging everyone to be fair.

No matter how trivial the ailment bustle is a train is lame, it takes nerve to carry a cane in a small town.

A crank is apt to have the courage of his convictions; more courage than sense.

Sometimes a man's reputation as a lady's man rests on the fact that he is an Easy Mark.

The trains are frequently late, but the trains have nothing on the public in that particular.

A doctor who doesn't know hates to add to it what more than any of the other well known quacks.

"I'm a busy man, but still manage to waste some time and have a little fun in life,"—R. H. Hoekins.

Most of us know where we could do pretty well as ivory hunters without going to Darkest Africa.

The first time a man goes to Europe she expects a proposal from a prince.

The worst offer a small boy has to face is plenty of pie and a limited capacity.

A woman seldom makes a fool of a man. She merely points the way and he does the rest himself.

The first time a man goes to Europe she expects a proposal from a prince.

The worst offer a small boy has to face is plenty of pie and a limited capacity.

## **On the Spur of the Moment**

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

**My Friend.**  
I like to go round with a feller I know;

He ain't so blamed handsome, as handsome men go.

He's not very bright, and sometimes I must think

That he is just slightly on the blink.

He doesn't talk science or music or art,

Or try his discernment on me to impart.

He doesn't talk shop or the state of my health,

Or bore me to death with the visions of wealth.

'Tis a joy to go tramping with him any day,

Because of the things I'm sure he won't say.

He hasn't a fad that he tries hard to spread,

He hasn't a single new thought in his head.

But it's mighty consol' to have him around.

I know him clear through, from his hat to the ground;

With his eyes always been right on the square.

And I'd trust him with all of my coin anywhere.

He has told me the truth when a good doddle was

good downright lie.

Would have been a much pleasanter thing, hope to die;

For to tell you the fact, he's a good friend of mine.

About the best friend that I've got, I opine.

'Tis hard to describe him, so I'll just relate

That he's only a common, plain sort of a skate.

He ain't worth a glance from a window to see.

My friend whom I speak of is no one but ME.

**Answers to Correspondents.**  
Maggie: You ask us how to be happy. There are multitudes of ways; so many in fact, that nobody has a right to be blue or down-hearted. Start your daughter taking voice lessons, buy something on the installment plan, wear red flannel underclothes, go on a diet, try to beat the coal man down on his price, or, if you're a millionaire, argue the suffrage question with your wife. Oh, thunder, there are a million ways to be happy, and you're entirely lacking in originality if you can't think of one or two.

Sentimental: Why do they call it Indian summer? We can't tell you that, but we know an excellent recipe for it. It is to be a good fellow, or we can tell you how to eat melon without getting it on your jacket.

Business Man: You can very easily keep a good woman. Marry her. Prosperity.

It sometimes seems a feller's got to be very meaneast sort in life an' it's really not what it's cracked up to be.

But when he comes to figger out what he has been a-kickin' 'bout, he finds that many fellers mout' be much wuss of dan he.

It sometimes seems a feller's got to be a bad and den a feller he gets mad, when he ought to be downright glad dat dey ain't any wuss.

When everything an' said an' done, Ah has a quite a bit of fun in life an' dat's on idle pun. Ah mus' remember dat.

By using quite a bit of stealth, Ah've managed to retain my health, though one of my puns has hold my wealth an' not be very fat.

Prosperity may come some day, an' if she don't all dat Ah say, is dat she stay away, Ah'll get along somehow.

It always pays to smile an' strive. It's mighty good to be alive, e'en though y' bank book does not thrive.

Signs of the Times.  
They are spending a lot of money improving bangs culture in the south, but what is really needed is a bangless people.

Some genius has invented a sand cure for indigestion. Anybody who has indigestion surely needs plenty of sand.

It's nearly time for T. R. to come out of his tent with the solution of the international misunderstanding. Edna Goodrich a Red Cross nurse. Oh, death, where is thy sting?

It is the physiologist who is the congressman. \$25 a day for absence from duty at Washington. Wouldn't it be a better plan to pay them all \$25 a day to stay away?

Thomas Edison says his greatest work is yet to come. Why doesn't a man want to work all the time when there is so much loafing to be done.

## **QUAKER MEDITATIONS.**

[From the Philadelphia Record.]  
In traveling the road to success some people always want to cut across lots.

A man must suffer fruitfully from insomnia when he can't sleep even in church.

It may be permissible to call a girl a live wire when she is always shocking some one.

You never realize what winning ways some people have till you play poker with them.

It's the unexpected that happens, and even the unexpected is generally somebody to say: "I told you so."

## **THE MOTHER.**

By quietly I seem to sit apart;  
I think she does not know nor guess at  
How dear this certain hour unto my heart.  
When in our quiet street the shadows fall.

She leans and listens at the little gate.  
I sit so still, not any eye might gaze  
Happily before her there I wait  
For that one step that brings my world to me.

She does not know that, long before they meet,  
(So eagerly must go a love abhorst)  
My heart outstrips the flying of her feet,  
And meets and greets him first—and greets him first.

—By Thomas Garrison, in the August Scribner.

## **The Evening Story**

(By Catherine M. Patterson.)

**The War of Roses.**  
Theodore stood idly in front of the open window of her room at the inn.

She looked directly at the mountains that loomed up in the light of a splendid moon that would be at its height about 11 o'clock. Just the right time, she thought. The right time, for what? For whom? The double thought brought an impatient frown to the girl's face.

She wished she had some common sense of the matter. "Just the smallest atom of it, at least enough to get me through tonight. Here I am, a grown woman with a brand new dress, and I'm sitting here waiting to save my soul I don't know whether I care more for Jimmy Welting or Don Cunningham. They have both proposed, and I don't know it. More-over, I think I shall tell you just why I like the other, they both at the same time. I simply must choose one of them for my future spouse or auntie will never forgive me and that will be something terrible, as I have to live with her."

"I believe I do like Jimmy the best. He is so—so—so, oh, I don't know what, only he just is." And the learned lady with the A. B. recently won with almost her very heart's blood from Bryn Mawr, by pleading audacity, having come to this conclusion, turned from the window, drew the curtains and proceeded to put the finishing touches to her most attractive self in preparation for the weekly hop at the inn.

At last she was all ready but her flowers, and she stood before her dressing table, holding in one hand a bunch of pink Killarneys and in the other Richmond roses.

"I know Jimmy sent these red roses; they make me think of him; in some way they are more powerful, more full of life than the others."

"But at the same time these Killarneys are beauties, too, and I do love pink roses." In the center of the exquisite flowers went Theodore's pink. When it came out it was quite as pink as the flowers themselves. But it was the pink of wrath more than anything else that was illumining the girl's cheeks.

"Botheration," she exclaimed angrily, "why must my night be pestered with these two who have been with me the whole blessed day? It was a tramp before breakfast this morning with Don, then a canoe ride with Jimmy. And we got back just in time for dinner, too. Now, I have their pesky flowers to choose between." No doubt she was with the two companions, but intuitively Theodore had attributed each to the proper sender.

"If I wear the red roses Jimmy will be camping on my trail the entire night of the evening, and if I wear the Killarneys Don will come to me the very first thing that almost possessive smile he wears when I've been unusually nice to him before Jimmy's eyes. I know what I'll do. I'll wear part of each corsage. That will keep the boys guessing, and, most of all, it will give me one more evening before I decide for good and all." By her intimates called her smiled maliciously. To separate the corsages was the work of a few minutes, and once, when she held the glorious red roses in her face for her admirer, the girl almost wavered in her decision.

"It is Jimmy," she cried to the roses. "I know it, I know it, but I'm going to have just this one night to myself. 'Mercy,' she exclaimed, "what a combination! But I'll wear it any way. I do hope auntie and the rest of the chaperon brigades won't think I'm quite bit of an oddity. It is pretty well though." Occasionally the A. B. lapsed into decidedly un-Bryn Mawr forms of expression. "Never mind, faint hearted as the dance, I'll use the girl and catching up a bespangled scarf that Jimmy had once compared to a diamond-studded cloud and as disapproving and unattractive as the clouds that floated over the heads of men."

Teddy had seemed quite as unattractive at that time, but since then Jimmy had had reason to change his mind and to feel that his corsage was not quite the same as the one he had been given. At least he might win if that fellow Cunningham could be eliminated.

Theodore, to use her own expression, collected Auntie, and the two went to the large living room, where the orchestra was playing the first waltz. A masculine form, evidently on the lookout, approached at once.

"May I have the first dance, Teddy?" asked Donald Cunningham.

"Surely," said Teddy, looking up at him with her sweetest smile. "Why not?" she asked herself. "I'm wearing his roses as well as Jim's."

"I do hope it will be Donald Cunningham. His mother was a Van Courtney, auntie said to herself, as she watched her niece. Of medium height, slender and the possessor of heavy black hair above gray eyes veiled with long black lashes, and a complexion that was the envy of the girls of the town, and the envy of those who had passed farther on life's pathway. Theodore was worthy of any one's attention. Suddenly auntie smiled. "Teddy's corsage, in sharp contrast to the white chiffon frock."

"Good gracious," she exclaimed, "what ever possessed the child? Out of her own mind she sank into the nearest rocking chair."

In the meantime the wearer of the red and pink roses was happily unconscious of her relative's consternation. Teddy was having the time of her life with the one thing that marred the pleasure of being the belle of the hop. Jimmy had taken only one dance to Don's eight. Not that Teddy was lacking in partners, but she wondered not a little at the unusualness of it all as down in her heart of hearts were coals of rebellion.

"Wish I hadn't worn his roses," she was thinking, and at this juncture the

ever self-possessed Jimmy put in an appearance.

"My dance, I think, Teddy. But suppose we sit, or rather walk it out. The stars are glorious. So is the moon."

Out under that same moon, down a path that was sufficiently outlined with trees to afford some privacy, a man took a girl's hand between his own, and in a flash that trembled just a little said:

"Teddy, dear, you are wearing my flowers tonight and doesn't that mean that you care a little and that there is some hope for me?"

Was it the moon? Or was it Jimmy? Teddy's resolve went a glimmering and Jim had won.

One night, on their honeymoon, Teddy asked, apropos of various things: "Jimmy, suppose I had worn the pink roses that night?"

"Wouldn't have mattered in the least, dear," replied Jimmy between cigar puffs. "I sent those, too."—(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## **Evening Chat**

BY RUTH CAMERON.

**The Moloch of Today.**  
There is a certain bug-a-boo idol in existence today to which more happiness, comfort and money are sacrificed than ever went into the service of any old time divinity.

And the name of this idol—you shall guess.

An old neighbor of ours who moved away from the town eight years ago came back on a visit the other day. When she left town she anticipated being very unhappy and homesick, so I asked her if she had grown to like her new home as well as her old.

"I've liked it better," she said, "ever since the first homesickness wore off. And I think I shall tell you just why. My own power, remember, my husband had had business troubles for a year or two before we left and we were terribly hard up, more so than anyone realized. That was the trouble. We couldn't bear to have anybody realize how much we had to economize. And so we tried to keep up appearances. I used to sit up until 1 or 2 o'clock night after night making clothes for the children and myself so that we could be just